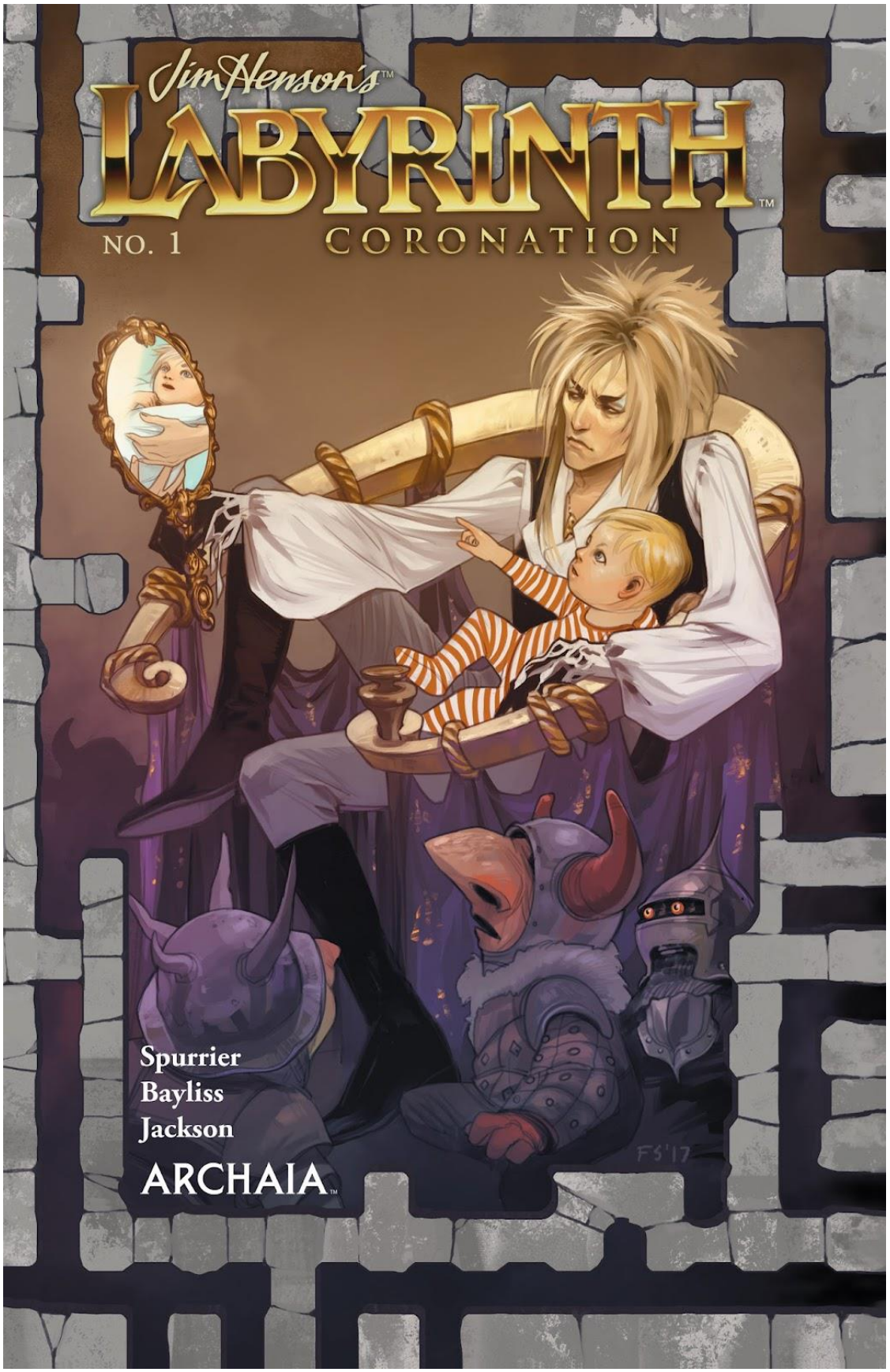
Jim Henson's™
LABYRINTH™
NO. 1
CORONATION
Spurrier
Bayliss
Jackson
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Jim Henson's™ LABYRINTH™ CORONATION

Written by Simon Spurrier

Illustrated by Daniel Bayliss

Colored by Dan Jackson

Lettered by Jim Campbell

Cover by Fiona Staples
Subscription Cover by Rebekah Isaacs
Variant Cover by Laurent Durieux
Variant Cover by Jill Thompson
Variant Cover by Bill Sienkiewicz
Fried Pie Exclusive Cover by Tula Lotay
ComicsPRO Exclusive Cover by David Petersen
Emerald City Comic Con Exclusive Cover by Benjamin Dewey
WonderCon Exclusive Cover by Ramón K. Pérez

Designer Michelle Ankley
Assistant Editor Gavin Gronenthal
Editors Cameron Chittock and Sierra Hahn

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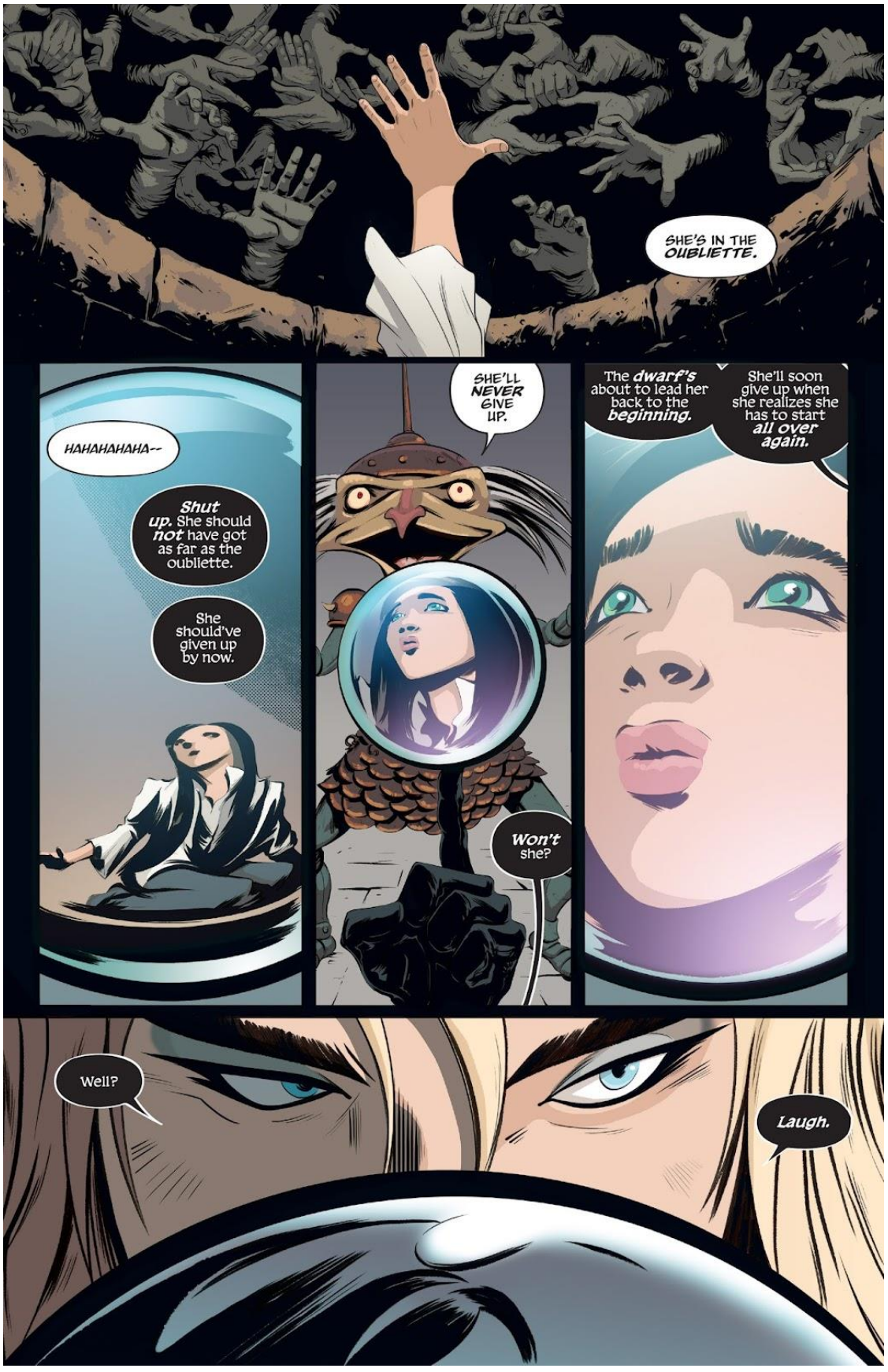
SHE'S IN THE OUBLIETTE.
HAHAHAHAHA--
Shut up. She should not have got as far as the oubliette.
She should've given up by now.
SHE'LL NEVER GIVE UP.
Won't she?
The dwarf's about to lead her back to the beginning.
She'll soon give up when she realizes she has to start all over again.
Well?
Laugh.

HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAH
STUPID, STUPID, STUPID...
LEARN TO KEEP MY BIG MOUTH SHUT...

"She'll never give up."
Is that a fact?
Oh NO...
I'M SORRY, SIRE-- I... I SHOULDN'T HAVE INTERRUPTED YOUR MAJESTIC MONOLOGUING, BUT--
Didn't I tell you to guard the child, Beedlegorm?
I-IT'S BEETLEGLUM, SIRE.
THE KID WAS SLEEPING, A-AND I THOUGHT THERE MIGHT BE A SING-ALONG IN THE THRONE ROOM, SO--
He's not sleeping now. Here--hand him over. He has a lot to learn of the goblin way.
As, it seems, do some of my servants.
HELP!
"She'll never give up." "She'll never give up." Ha.
You're to become one of us, little fellow--and goblins care far more for tales than truths.
And so you shall have a story.
The story of an unvanquished heart.

The Republic of Venice. 1797.
It begins--of course it does--with a masquerade.
Just imagine it, little one. The music...the fine foods...the laughter...the gossip...
...And there--do you see them?
A count. A young Lord of courtly grace and clever words--visiting from a far land.
And his love. His life. His wife.
The jewel of our tale.
A countess.
Now...I know what you're thinking.
Y-you do?

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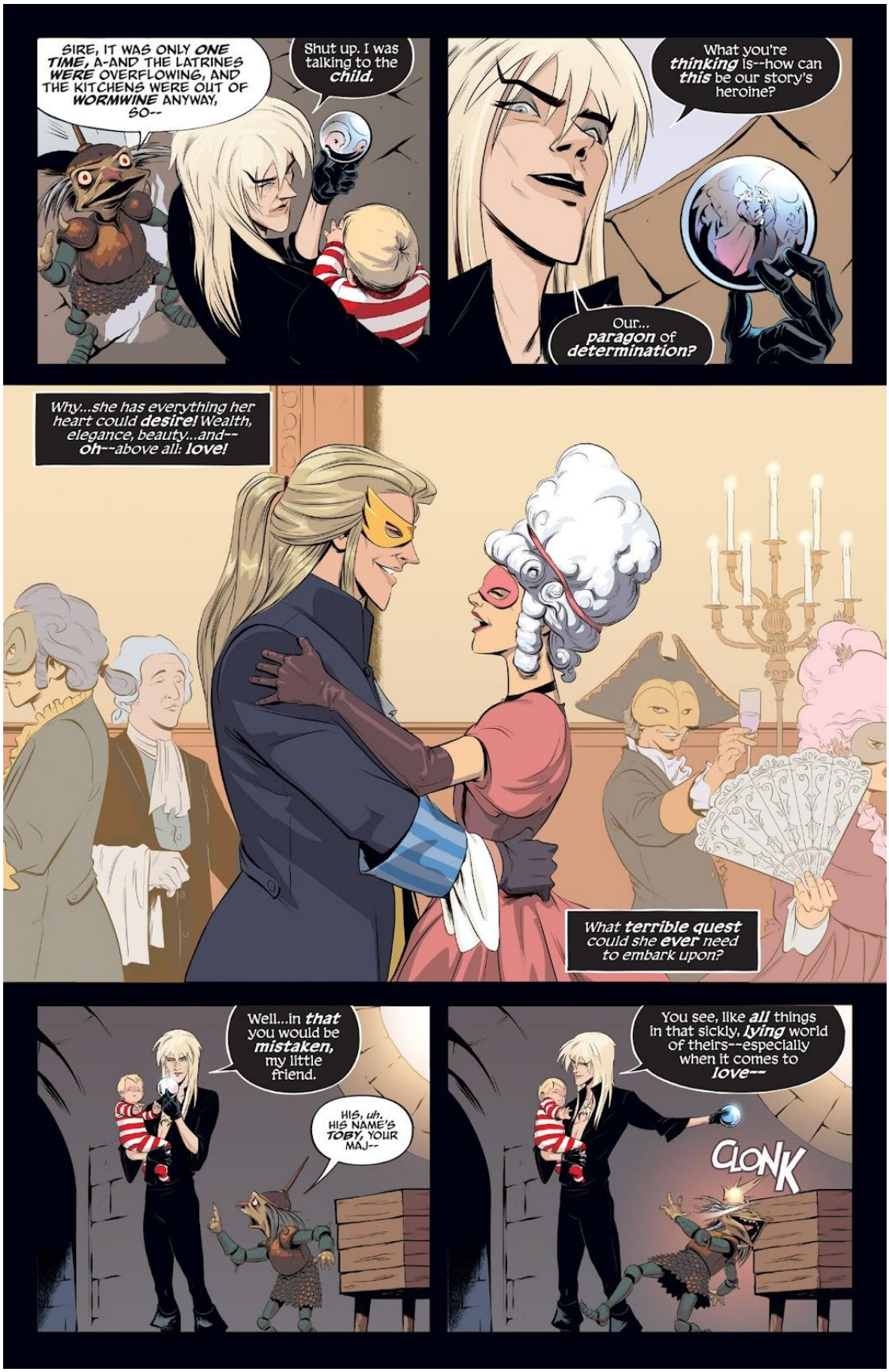

SIRE, IT WAS ONLY ONE TIME, A-AND THE LATRINES WERE OVERFLOWING, AND THE KITCHENS WERE OUT OF WORMWINE ANYWAY, SO--
Shut up. I was talking to the child.
What you're thinking is--how can this be our story's heroine?
Our... paragon of determination?
Why...she has everything her heart could desire! Wealth, elegance, beauty...and-- oh--above all: love!
What terrible quest could she ever need to embark upon?
Well...in that you would be mistaken, my little friend.
HIS, uh, HIS NAME'S TOBY, YOUR MAJ--
You see, like all things in that sickly, lying world of theirs--especially when it comes to love--
CLONK

--all is **not** as it seems.
MERMAIDS. WHY DO YOU PAINT **MERMAIDS?**

LOOK-- IT'S **ROSES,** SIGNORA! **ROSES!**
THE DOGE DID NOT HIRE **MAESTRO JILANI** AS A **DIVERSION** FOR HIS GUESTS JUST SO THEY COULD PAINT **MERMAIDS!**

AND YET, MAESTRO, MY **MERMAIDS** SEEM TO BE MORE **DIVERTING** THAN YOUR **ROSES.**
BUT THEY'RE NOT **THERE!** YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO PAINT WHAT'S **THERE!**

THEN I SUGGEST YOU FETCH ME A **MERMAID,** SIGNOR.
MARIA--!

THE DOGE'S CAMERLENGO JUST TOLD ME...I-IT'S THE SIGNORI DI NOTTE. THEY'RE AT THE DOOR. THEY'RE ASKING FOR ME...
THE CONSTABLES? WHY WOULD THEY WANT YOU?
I...I DON'T KNOW. PERHAPS SOME... FOUL ACCUSATION HAS CAUGHT ME UP?
WHAT ACCUSATION?
I DON'T KNOW! SOMETHING FALSE! ONE DOES NOT SPEND FOUR YEARS ON A GRAND TOUR OF EUROPE AND NOT ENCOUNTER... DISHONEST INDIVIDUALS.
PERHAPS SOMEONE IS TRYING TO EXPLOIT MY FORTUNE? O-OR MY GOOD NAME!
WELL? JUST TALK TO THE SIGNORI-- TELL THEM IT'S A MISTAKE. LOOK, I'LL COME WITH Y--
NO!
N-NO, THERE ARE OTHER RUMORS. RUMORS OF DANGER APPROACHING THIS CITY. RUMORS OF WAR...
E-EXCUSE ME, MY LOVE.
I BELIEVE I SHALL FETCH SOME WINE.

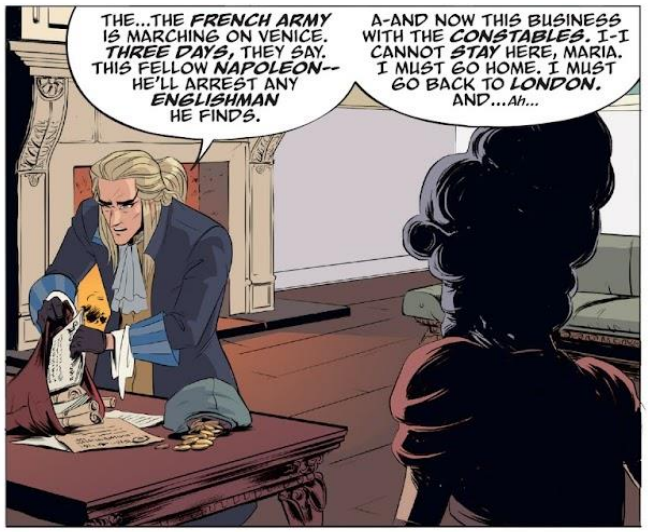
...
Shhh...he's listening.
Such hee hee hee heeee. Oh, such lovely hair. heee.
Quiet, quiet you're as ugly as you are stupid, you'll scare him shh.
Such a regal profile... the jaw of an Emperor...
A king...we need a king...
Such delicious eyebrows...
He's only got to ask...
Hahahahaha He's only got to wish...
...and the crown is hisssss...
ALBERT?
MY DARLING-- ARE YOU WELL? IS IT THE FEVER AGAIN?
THOSE... THOSE VISIONS YOU SPOKE OF...?
THE MONSTERS?
NO. N-NO VISIONS.
DON'T BE RIDICULOUS.

I TOLD YOU--THE FEVER LEFT ME AFTER ATHENS. TOO MUCH SEAFOOD--IT'S NOT NATURAL.
I SIMPLY HAVE A HEADACHE, A-AND...
MARIA? ARE YOU LISTENING?
I...
YES. YES, I JUST THOUGHT I SAW...
...NO MATTER. YOU SHOULD GO BACK TO THE APARTMENT.
I WILL FINISH MY PAINTING AND COME ALONG LATER.
I WISH TO ENJOY THE BALL JUST A LITTLE LONGER.

...CONTEMPLANDO FISSO, FISSO LE FATEZZE DEL MIO BEN, QUEL VISETO CUSSÌ SLISSO, QUELA BOCA E QUEL BEL SEN; ME SENTIVA DRENTO IN PÈTO UNA SMANIA, UN MISSIAMENTO--
STOP HERE PLEASE, SIGNOR.
GIULIA? WHY ARE YOU CRYING? DID MY HUSBAND SAY SOMETHING TO OFF--
NO ENTRY.
I BEG YOUR PARDON? THIS IS MY HOME.
NOT ANYMORE IT'S NOT. ALL THE DOWNSTAIRS FOLK'VE BEEN FIRED.
ORDERS OF LORD TYTON.
LORD TYTON IS MY HUSBAND, SIR, THOUGH IN THIS CITY HE WILL THANK YOU TO ADDRESS HIM AS IL COMPTE, AND--
WALK AWAY OR I'LL BREAK YOUR NECK.

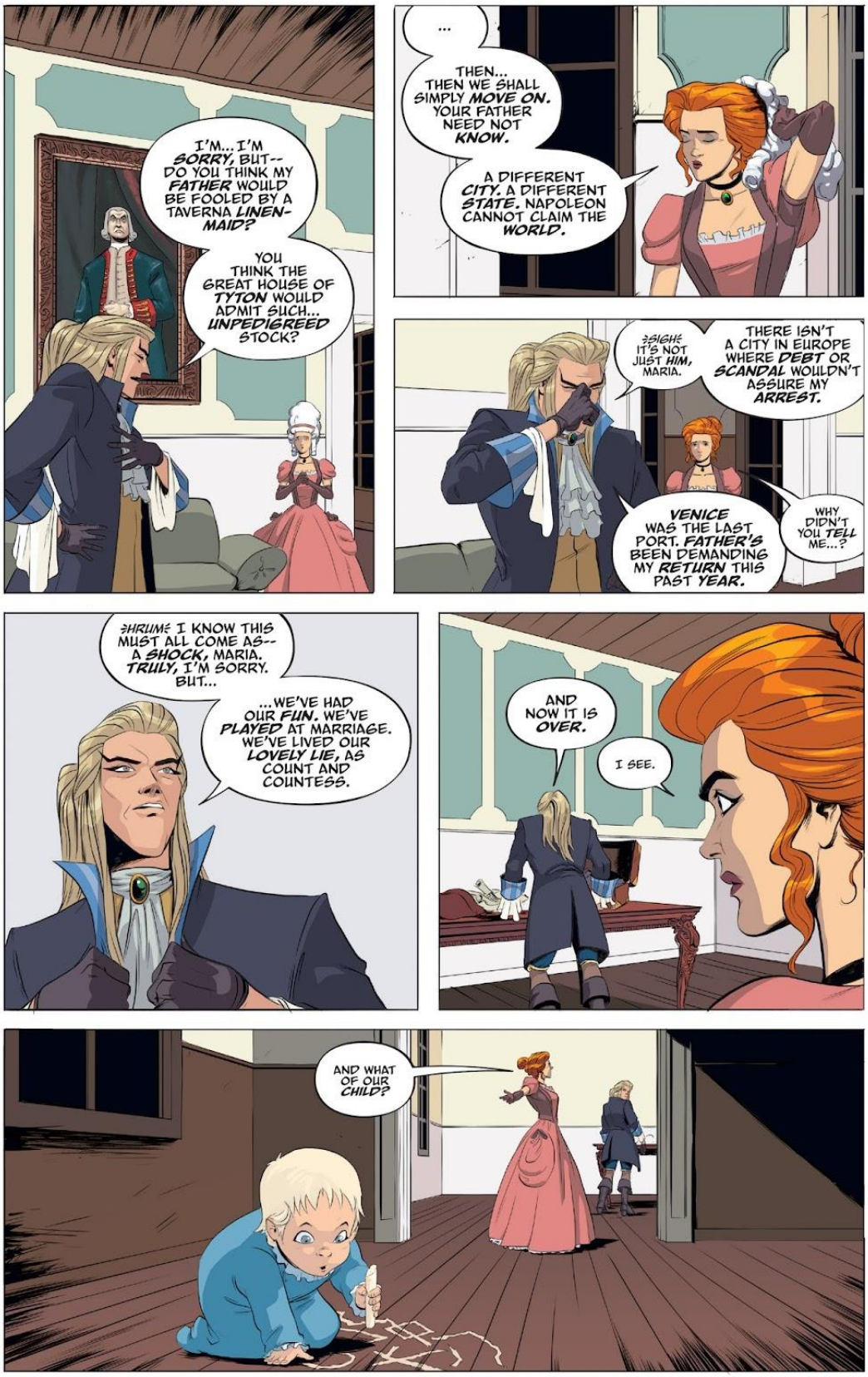
ALBERT.

EXPLAIN.
NOW.


THE...THE FRENCH ARMY IS MARCHING ON VENICE. THREE DAYS, THEY SAY. THIS FELLOW NAPOLEON-- HE'LL ARREST ANY ENGLISHMAN HE FINDS.
A-AND NOW THIS BUSINESS WITH THE CONSTABLES. I-I CANNOT STAY HERE, MARIA. I MUST GO HOME. I MUST GO BACK TO LONDON. AND...Ah...

YOU CANNOT COME WITH ME.
ALBERT-- YOU'RE SCARING ME. WHAT DO YOU M--

YOU KNOW VERY WELL WHAT I MEAN, YOU SILLY GIRL!
W-WE BOTH KNOW YOU'RE NO COUNTESS!


I'M... I'M SORRY, BUT-- DO YOU THINK MY FATHER WOULD BE FOOLED BY A TAVERNA LINEN-MAID?
YOU THINK THE GREAT HOUSE OF TYTON WOULD ADMIT SUCH... UNPEDIGREED STOCK?
...
THEN... THEN WE SHALL SIMPLY MOVE ON. YOUR FATHER NEED NOT KNOW.
A DIFFERENT CITY. A DIFFERENT STATE. NAPOLEON CANNOT CLAIM THE WORLD.
THERE ISN'T A CITY IN EUROPE WHERE DEBT OR SCANDAL WOULDN'T ASSURE MY ARREST.
=SIGH= IT'S NOT JUST HIM, MARIA.
VENICE WAS THE LAST PORT. FATHER'S BEEN DEMANDING MY RETURN THIS PAST YEAR.
WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME...?
=HRUMF= I KNOW THIS MUST ALL COME AS-- A SHOCK, MARIA. TRULY, I'M SORRY. BUT...
...WE'VE HAD OUR FUN. WE'VE PLAYED AT MARRIAGE. WE'VE LIVED OUR LOVELY LIE, AS COUNT AND COUNTESS.
AND NOW IT IS OVER.
I SEE.
AND WHAT OF OUR CHILD?

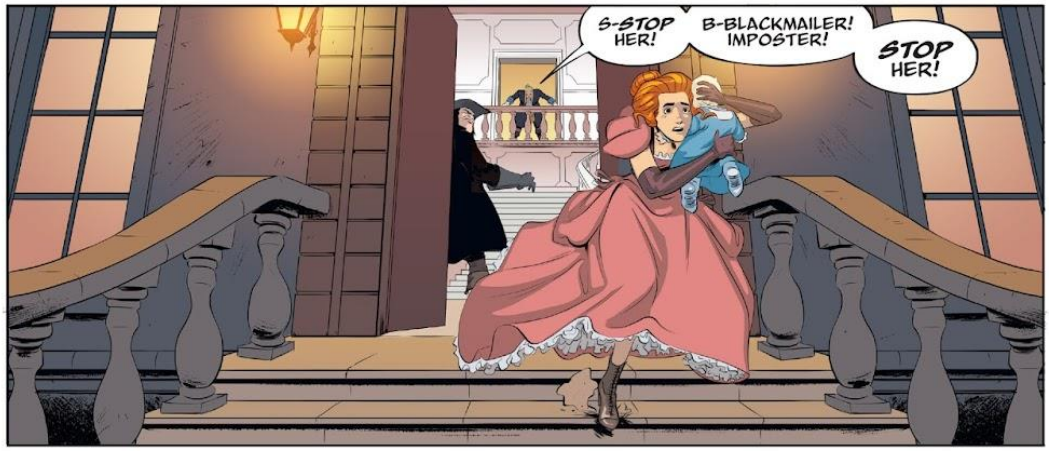
...And who do you suppose *that* child might have been?
I HAVE AN *INKLING*, SIRE, IT COULDA BEEN Y--
Nobody asked you, Bleedergum.
BEETLEGLUM, SIRE.
I-IT'S JUST... AND PLEASE DON'T *HIT* ME AGAIN--O-OR HANG ME IN THE BOG OR FEED ME TO THE *FEATHERFANG* OR ANYTHING LIKE *THAT*--
--BUT IF THAT BABY *WAS* YOU--
I never said it *was*.
--BUT IF IT *WAS*...
THEN DON'T WE ALREADY KNOW HOW THIS STORY *ENDS*?
...
This child's *kin* is trying to *save* him. Badly, stupidly, arrogantly... but *still*-- *trying*.
You think it's *irrelevant* to consider the *precedents*?
N-N-NO, I--
Good. Because the *baby* is not the full story, Beedledung.
Sometimes a child's just a *thing*. What it grows up to *become*-- or *not* become-- isn't the point.
I-IT'S B--

The real story belongs to those who love it.
...THE BOY WILL...HE WILL GO INTO AN ORPHANAGE. OBVIOUSLY HE CANNOT REMAIN WITH YOU. THE RISK OF BLACKMAIL, YOU UNDERSTAND?
MY MAN LORENZO-- OUTSIDE. HE'LL SEE TO IT.
I'LL MAKE A DONATION. A-A GENEROUS DONATION. THE BOY WILL BE WELL CARED FOR, AND--
YOU CAN'T EVEN SAY HIS NAME.
THAT THUG WILL THROW HIM IN THE CANAL THE MOMENT YOUR BACK'S TURNED--AND YOU KNOW IT.
ARE YOU SO SCARED OF HIM...SO SCARED OF LOSING YOUR NAME AND PRIVILEGE-- THAT YOU'D FORSAKE YOUR OWN BOY?
Oh, ALBERT. YOU TRULY ARE SICK, AREN'T YOU?
=SOB=
T-THIS IS YOUR FAULT! YOURS FOR...FOR ENTRAPPING ME!
FOR BEING NAIVE ENOUGH TO BELIEVE ALL THIS! YOU SHOULD'VE KNOWN IT COULDN'T LAST! YOU BORE THE CHILD-- NOT ME!
IT WAS JUST A DREAM, MARIA! A STUPID DREAM!
Hm.

SMAK

WWWAAA--
YOU FEAR SCANDAL, ALBERT TYTON? YOU FEAR SHAME?
YOU WILL HAVE THEM AND MORE. YOU WILL SUFFER FOR THIS.

I WON'T LET YOU FORGET US, YOU COWARD.


S-STOP HER!
B-BLACKMAILER! IMPOSTER!
STOP HER!

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A throne.
You... we want you... hahaha...we like your blood... we like your hair...
Such fine eyebrows.
Do but say it...do but wish it...
A king.
Shhh let him talk let him talk.
NNRAAA--!
I...I AM A LORD...I HAVE WEALTH AND LEISURE AND POWER. Y-YOU HAVE NOTHING TO OFFER ME.
BUT...
BUT...
...
WH-- WHO'S BACK THERE...?
...I WISH YOU TO TAKE MY SON.

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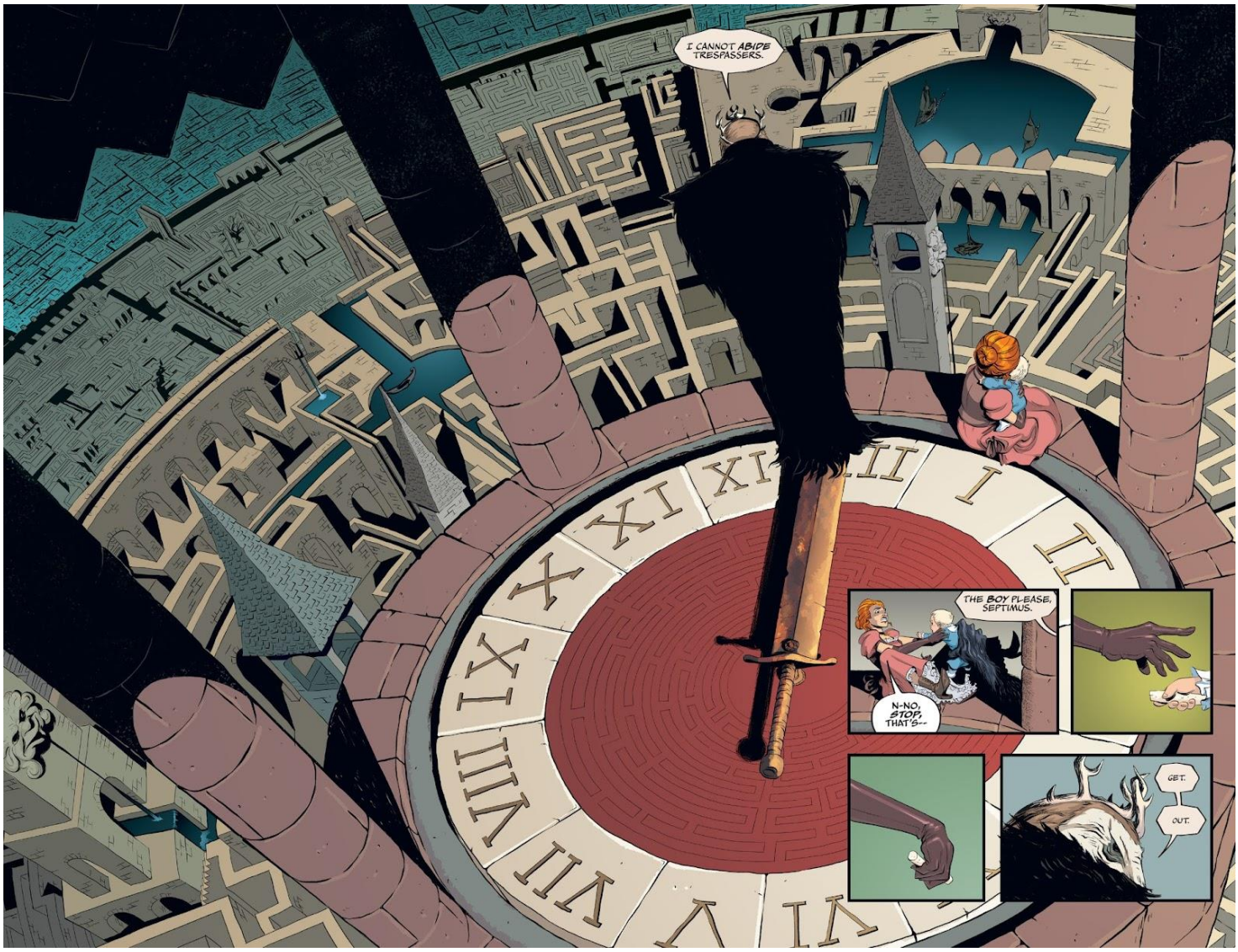
I CANNOT ABIDE TRESPASSERS.
THE BOY PLEASE, SEPTIMUS.
N-NO, STOP, THAT'S--
GET.
OUT.

GHUUUHH--!
M...MY BABY!
MY BAAAABY!
"She'll never give up."
To be continued...